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The Innis Herald



ALL CELLULITE and NO BALLS

Sometime late last month, I awoke at the crack of noon, in a cold sweat. A grizzly epiphany had startled me from my usual fourteen hour slumber. (Like many bears, I find myself needful of more sleep in the winter months; hibernation, is not at present, a viable option.)

Gazing into my looking glass of introspection, which I keep conveniently by my bedside, I saw cellulite. Globules of repulsive fatty substances congregating in and around my brain. After a thorough examination, I diagnosed myself (I majored in Hypochondria at the Peter Picolo School of Medicine, so I figure I'm qualified) with *acute cellulitum cerebrumus*, from the Latin for "fat head".

I've put myself on a strict diet of Noam Chomsky and cut down my intake of *Three's Company* reruns. In other words, I've been very busy; aerobicizing my synapses, cerebral benchpresses and five laps around the gene pool every morning. I'm not letting my schooling interfere with my education, as they say, in an attempt to slim, tone and pump up my admittedly flabby brain. That is not to say that I haven't been going to class - let's just call it selective attendance. And, I assure you, would that I had an essay to write, I'd be procrastinating most diligently right this very minute.

Since my awakening, I've ventured forth into many uncharted waters and let me assure you, sharks are not the only predators to be wary of. My first post-epiphany foray into the peculiar turf of independent education was frightening to say the least. Riddled with the well documented affliction "liberal bankruptcy", there seemed no

safe haven for critical thought. (Victims of liberal bankruptcy suffer from such symptoms as having such an open mind that your brains fall out. Not to be confused with *acute cellulitum cerebrumus*.)

Meeting at the St. Lawrence Centre on January 22, people of varied shapes and sizes gathered hopefully to hear some fresh perspectives at a forum entitled "Reading the Media: What We See and Hear and Why". The ambience was exhilarating. Perhaps exhilarating is a little strong. Let's just say that a lot of people were riled up about the various injustices of the media. The topic is of great concern as you will see; many of our fine writers here at the *Innis Herald* have chosen this to be the focus of their monthly gripe.

There were five panelists present sharing what they felt to be the most pressing media concern; be it media literacy, the evils of television or the misrepresentation of women.

Elizabeth Flynn, a drama and media studies teacher offered some titillating comparisons.

"By the time a child is in kindergarten, he or she experiences more media hours than it takes to earn a BA degree." Hmmmm. Very interesting. The only problem was that she, like many individuals in the teaching profession, addressed us as if we were preschoolers ourselves.

Susan G. Cole, playwright and senior editor of NOW, was, in my estimation, the most eloquent of the speakers, and also the most effective in addressing those issues that concern me. She spoke of censorship and whether primetime was the appropriate forum for issues of sexual harassment, assault and/or other such refinements. In Cole's opinion, primetime is the ideal spot for this discussion - quite simply, the more people are confronted with these

issues, the more they will think about them.

Anywho, I didn't really hear anything I didn't know. Television is bad, reading is good, alternative publications are the best.

The floor was then opened to questions; some questions were interesting, some provocative, some just people sounding off to hear the sound of their own voice.

At this particular meeting of the minds the situation was as follows: three out of the five platform speakers were of the female persuasion, and a good chunk of the discussion had a feminist slant, pointing an accusatory finger at the "malestream" media; in my opinion a plausible place to point it. No great surprise. The audience was fairly representational, including all varieties and hybrids of the species, and the discussion was remarkably inclusive. So why was it, then that out of, say, a dozen questions from the floor, not a single woman got up to speak?

I found this fact to be curious and troubling, not to mention problematic. I haven't quite decided what to make of it. Did the women in the audience just have nothing to say? I doubt it.

Well, I was stymied to say the least. I don't know why this happened - or happens. What is it about that type of environment that intimidates women? There was a moment when my heart started pounding; I had a question which I never asked: why, in a forum where the stifled women's voice is one of the most urgent issues on the table, did not one woman speak? I wouldn't want to answer for the rest of the women present that night, I can only postulate a theory as to why I didn't ask my own burning question. My only lamentable explanation is that I just didn't have the - excuse my choice of words - balls.

Letters

CONSPIRACY

Yo Editor,

I'm convinced that there's a conspiracy against my sanity. Far too often I'm sitting in class or walking down the street and some car alarm repeatedly goes off! There is however, no one near the damn car. It doesn't stop! It goes on and on and on; I can't stand it!

I used to try and rationalize the situation and came up with what I thought, at the time, to be a reasonable explanation. Basically, I thought that the car owners were paranoid. Alarms seem like such a useless item. First, if someone were to vandalize a vehicle, they likely will have escaped before the owner of the car returns. In addition, if the vandal is extremely huge, would the car owner even want to catch such a person? Third, if someone were to break in and steal the stereo, they would likely take the alarm also, as happened to a friend of mine. Fourth, who, in Toronto would do anything if someone else's car was being violated? So what purpose do they serve? I couldn't answer this question; I believed such people were really naive (by the way, naive is just Evian spelt backwards. Feel safer about that water you drink?), paranoid suburbanites who thought that "city folk" were all robbers and vandals or generally not-nice vermin.

But then I had a revelation. Really, have you ever seen a car alarm go off while someone was trying to rip off the stereo or something? Me neither. I'm convinced that these devices are

installed not to protect the car, but to assault me with mind altering sonic frequencies. Think about it; think of the number of alarms that go off in my presence. Thousands! What are these things doing to me? PLEASE HELP ME!

Name, age, address, sex, (gender?) and race withheld.

Dear Name,
I'm sorry you're having such a hard time. I want you to know you're not alone.

Television Censorship Questions to Ponder

(City TV exempts *Perhaps Moses* subscribes to a higher order than the CRTC.)

Why can they show people in bed together but not say "fuck"?

Why can they produce shows evoking the Oedipus complex yet not say "motherfucker"?

Why can they show people leaving to go to the washroom yet not say "shit"?

Just curious.

CARP GRIPE

Dear Editor,

I would personally like to thank the Coalition Against the Reform Party (CARP) for several reasons:

1. Thank you, CARP, for making the head of a racist party look like the defender of democracy and freedom of speech at Hart House on January 21.

2. Thank you, CARP, for proving, once again, that being politically correct is synonymous with being a pain the ass.

3. Thank you, CARP, for proving that McMaster can organize a protest better than we can. McMaster made Preston Manning look like a racist in front of the national media simply by asking him tough, direct and intelligent questions. We, on the other hand, were only able to chant silly, rhyming slogans.

4. Thank you, CARP, for making your protest tiny and elitist.

5. Thank you, CARP, for scaring off potential protesters by making us feel like you have to be a communist in order to hate the Reform Party.

6. Thank you, CARP, for making this potential protestor walk right by your protest, not wanting to be associated with either the Reform Party or your silly little organization.

7. Thank you, CARP, for ruining your own cause. You have become a strong ally for the Reformers. You clever folk should give yourselves a pat on the back.

Bruce Wayne
Third Year Arts and Science Student



REVIEW

MUD SWEAT and GEARS

by Leather Friedland

Ell now I know for sure, TV never lies. The ad said, "M-M-M - MONSTER TRUCK MADNESS: WE'LL SELL YOU THE WHOLE SEAT BUT YOU'LL ONLY NEED THE EDGE!" And I was intrigued. Not only that, I was excited. Hell I wanted to go. And then a friend of mine who works for Country 59 radio called to say that she could get tickets for the show - at the Dome, no less - and I was beside myself with anticipation. Oh I pulled out my white leather boots with the fringes down the back quicker than you can say "mud, sweat and gears." I painted a pair of acid wash jeans onto my shapely legs. I put an extra pair of Lee Press-On Nails in my disco purse. I was so excited I had to calm my nerves with a peach schnapps cocktail. But man, I was ready.

Well the guys picked us up around seven and we piled into Bill's Chevy. He was pretty drunk but it's really funny when he drives that way. He pretended that the Chevy was actually a Monster Truck and Ed made those big truck noises that guys are good at. We were laughing our heads off and then, at the Dome,

Bill parked on the stairs. What a crazy guy.

We had to walk all the way around the Dome to get to our gate and you know how it is when the cold air hits your t-shirt. Bill just looked at me and said that he wished we could have gotten one of those Dome hotel rooms but I remembered hearing that you had to close the curtains to do what Bill had in mind and I really wanted to see the show. Besides, it wouldn't have been fair to Laura and Ed because they didn't know each other too well.

Anyway, we went in, the lights were already low and we could hear the guy on the loudspeaker introducing the trucks. It took us a while to find our seats because every time a truck came on Ed would stop dead in his tracks and just sort of gaze until Laura whacked him upside the head. But we finally sat down and it was amazing! The seats were even better than those we had for G'n'R. I mean you could feel just how monster those trucks really were.

The first competition was between this red truck called Grave Digger and a really weird one called Snake Bite. The driver in Snake Bite

was wearing a snake mask on his head and his truck had fangs. The announcer was explaining how the trucks would jump about ten feet in the air and then race over these parked cars in the centre of the arena.

Ed and Bill both made their truck noises along with the real trucks so Laura and I got the whole thing in Dolby and it was unbelievable.

Then all of the sudden, while he was in the middle of talking, the race suddenly began and it was really exciting because you were expecting to hear the announcer's voice but suddenly all you could hear was these trucks. Right then I knew what the commercial meant when it said that you only need the edge of your seat. The race only lasted about thirty seconds but all the way through it looked as if the trucks were going to smash into each other and topple over. Ed and Bill both made their truck noises along with the real trucks so Laura and I got the whole thing in Dolby and it was unbelievable.

Snake Bite won which pissed off Ed because he had bet Bill that Grave Digger would win for sure because it had a quadraphonic TVC15 engine. They started to argue like they always do and Bill told Ed that he was so stupid all the time and how could he know anything when he put fifty bucks on Buffalo for the Super Bowl. So Laura and I decided to go and freshen up. We were a little worried about missing the next race but Ed said that it takes a long time to set up for each one that we even had time to get him a beer.

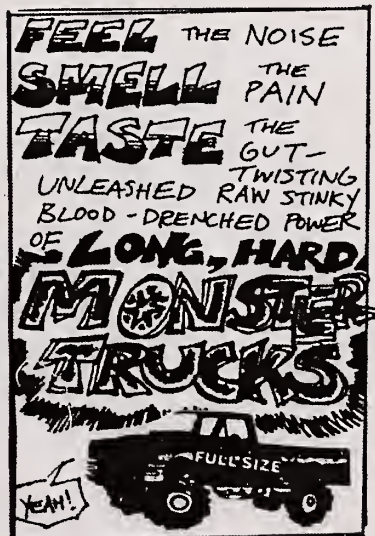
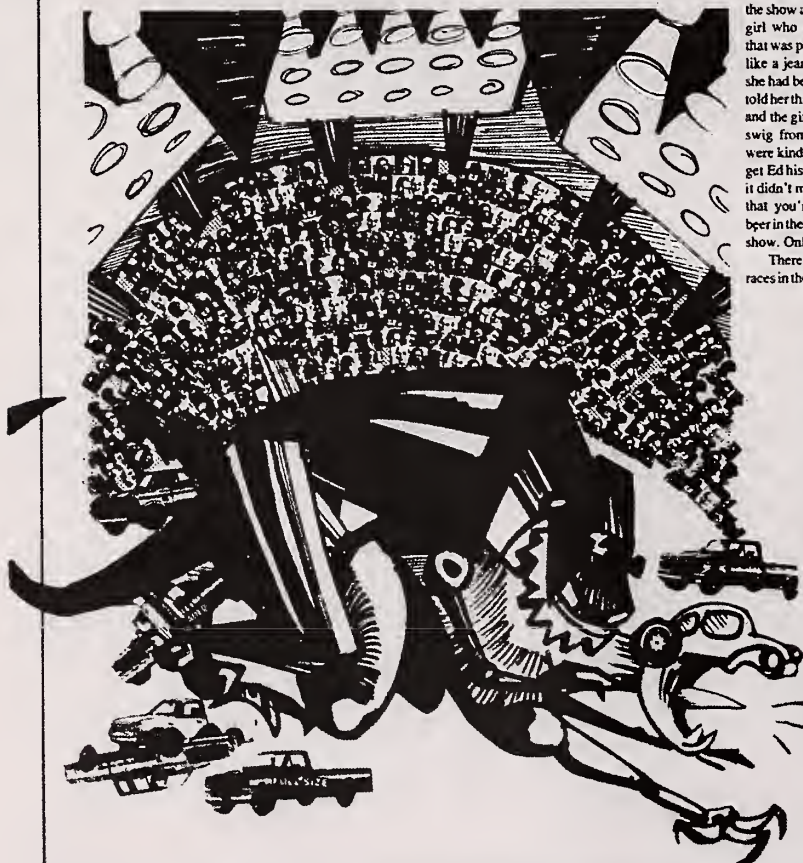
In the bathroom, Laura pointed out that there were a lot of guys at the show and then there we saw this girl who had this amazing jacket that was part like a fur coat and part like a jean jacket. She looked like she had been crying but then Laura told her that her jacket was way cool and the girl smiled and offered us a swig from her flask. By then we were kind of tipsy and we forgot to get Ed his beer and he was mad but it didn't matter because it turns out that you're not allowed to drink beer in the stands at a Monster Truck show. Only at baseball games.

There were three more Truck races in the first half of the show and

between each one there was enough time for Laura and I to go back to the can and to make sure that the girl with the jacket hadn't done anything stupid. It turns out that she was just riding a bumper because her old man was talking to her sister all of the time and her sister had a pretty bad rep for stealing other people's guys. She wasn't suicidal or anything. She was just getting pretty drunk.

Then there was this competition where these really wild cars would pull a big trailer that weighed forty thousand tonnes or something. It was the loudest event of the evening but otherwise it wasn't as cool as the other stuff. When the demolition derby began, Ed said, "look Bill, there's your Chevy!" and Bill punched him because the cars down there were pretty junky. In the derby, twelve cars had to drive around and smash into each other until there were only six cars left that could still go. The announcer explained that the cars would be driving in a smaller area than usual so it was going to be an extra tough competition and I guess it was because one car caught on fire. During intermission Laura introduced Ed to the girl in the jacket. I thought she was crazy because Ed was really cute and had a job. She said that she didn't like his comment about Bill's car and thought she could do better.

Anyway, I'm not going to bother describing the second half of the show because it was exactly the same as the first half. In a way though, it was even better because the winner of each competition became Monster Truck Champion of the Universe and got to go home in a new car. Bill said that he was going to take the Monster Truck driver's exam as soon as he was off probation. And we went home in his Chevy.



REVIEW

The Past Through an

by Mimi Choi

I am currently on page 178 of Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae*. While it is unorthodox to review a book unfinished, I feel it is justified in this case because I wish to recommend what I have read up to this point, some one-third of the way through. I plan to continue and finish the book, but this task may not be completed until long after I have an opportunity to write of it in this space.

The second reason to take this time to speak of the text is that Paglia herself is becoming somewhat controversial for what she has said and is increasingly becoming labelled as anti-feminist, a curious label in these times when many young women, and many female university students, proclaim themselves indifferent or alienated from feminism. When I hear or read a reference attributed to Paglia, she is identified as slightly strange or at least removed from feminism as we have become familiar with it through Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem, etc. Our concept today is even more removed from its sources. How many people who theorize about feminism have actually read *The Female Eunuch* or *The Feminine Mystique*? But having read a bit of Paglia, both in *Sexual Personae* and the absorbing dinner she had with Neil Postman transcribed in *Harper's* last year, my response to passing references, such as a recent one in the *Globe and Mail*, is that her words have been taken out of context.

This circumstance, more than any other, is the most compelling reason to read *Sexual Personae*. Paglia has many important things to say and, to pick something at random, like "political equality for women will make very little difference in this emotional turmoil that is going on above and below politics, outside the scheme of social life" (p. 19 and I really did choose this passage randomly), she does appear anti-feminist. And her book is not always smooth sailing. The traditional essay style of presenting a point and backing it up until it becomes irrefutable is not Paglia's style - her writing being more aphoristic. Particularly at the beginning, I felt that her writing evoked that of Montaigne's or Nietzsche's, in deceptively simple declarations. Like the passage quoted above, my initial reaction was, well, where are you getting this and why should I believe you?

But with a little perseverance and further reading, my early skepticism has been mollified and I am more fascinated by her insights. In fact, I am inclined to defend her flat-out statements. The woman has much to say and it takes time for everything to sift through the thought channels. In the *Harper's* piece, she identifies herself as a critic shaped by postwar phenomena. Even though she is barely a decade

younger than Postman, a traditional critic, Paglia remarks that the presence of television and other pervasive media has allowed baby boomers and all those who follow to absorb and hold seemingly disparate messages. Sort of like reading Dante while the latest Metallica video is on. Paglia's position encourages drawing parallels and would maintain that they are legitimate.

Sexual Personae is the first volume which proceeds historically; the second is focused on the twentieth century and popular culture. Her ambition, states Paglia, is to fuse Frazer and Freud. What we have at hand, then, are potent ideas of anthropology and psychology that aim to encompass both antiquity and the modern age. My guess is that success in realizing her goal is less significant than what she says page after page. This is why one should be wary when her words (or anyone else's, for that matter) are

"Woman's body is a labyrinth in which man is lost ... a walled garden."

mentioned in passing. Because some of her statements appear in neat little packages, like "Apollo is the western eye victorious," it is too easy and wrong to sum up her perspective based upon a few sentences here and there.

This is why the charge of anti-feminism is inaccurate and misleading. Firstly, Paglia is not of the breed who advocates equality because gender considerations should be secondary. In fact, she would probably say the opposite, that gender considerations are primary and so the sexes can never be "equal." Her discussion of gender differences is compelling and worth the commitment to read this in the first chapter, "Sex and Violence, or Nature and Art." She begins at the root, specifically, the genitalia. Male genitalia means that man "is condemned to a perpetual pattern of linearity, focus, aim, directedness.

He must learn to aim. Without aim, urination and ejaculation end in infantile soiling of self or surroundings." Girls growing up and professional women are encouraged to think in these terms of linearity, focus, aim and directedness, valorizing these qualities as noble pursuits, but its anatomic context reveals how male-oriented and inherently misogynist our society is. The implicit message is, your success depends on emulating male characteristics. For any woman accused of penis-envy, these thoughts may well prove handy.

Female genitalia, on the other hand, is concealed and in our male-dominated culture, girls and women (and boys and men for that matter) are not readily encouraged to know much about what goes on inside. Paglia notes, "woman's body is a labyrinth in which man is lost ... a walled garden", and then turns to more graphic imagery: "Woman is the primeval fabricator, the real First Mover. She turns a gob of refuse into a spreading web of sentient being, floating on the snaky umbilical by which she leashes every man."

I had thought when I first read this that Paglia must be a man-hater, a view which I held until pretty well the end of the first chapter. Her comments are not far from views expressed by many feminists and, while this does not place her in the feminist camp, continued reading reminded me that simple judgements are not adequate or relevant.

The most interesting portion I have read so far is the chapter titled "Pagan Beauty," particularly the discussion concerning art in Athens fifth-century B.C. The smooth, pristine statuary that is considered at the centre of Western civilization is placed in context with the homocentric aesthetics of the society. This time period is the apex of Apollonian values, more male-oriented, over the Dionysian, more female-oriented. The struggle between the two is Paglia's analogy of gender relationships, and she views it as an eternal confrontation.

Less satisfying is the chapter on Italian Renaissance art, along with the absence of the medieval period. Paglia herself is of Italian heritage and, while she mentions her affection for gaudy Catholic iconography, this seems to restrain an extensive commentary.

Paglia's approach is Eurocentric for deliberate reasons, but she does not ignore non-Western cultures. Her focus, however, is the valorization of art and condemnation of liberalism in Western society and her comments and observations are valuable to anyone with an interest in these areas. My own prediction is that Paglia's writing will continue to cause a stir and this will be useful among those who read her book, to which I will now return.



ODE TO THE SPRING

(SPF 30 recommended for sensitive skin)

Skin.
Touching skin. (my skin)
Hibernation aroused by false spring.
Blooming, blooming - bursting -
Petals falling.
The sun heats the sleeping earth.
Warms.
Burns.

Impressed. Seduced. Heated.
With knowledge/words. [rhetoric?]
The moment was perfect. [perfectly planned? predictable?]
Hedonism. Holding off. Heat.
The promise of something more.

I blossomed. Bloomed. Burst.
My petals fell to the ground around me.
And for that perfect [] moment, I was warm.

I said I wanted to take you in my mouth.
(You said you didn't want a girlfriend.)
I'm so easy to talk to. [to hurt?]
I said I liked the way you kissed.
You said I was hot.

Hot? Hot to the touch?
Full-of-desire hot?
Hot to the touch.
Hot skin.
Burning.
Burnt.

Music

WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FANS

by Blitz and Naomi Freeman

Fuck the *Varsity*. Fuck the *Newspaper*. Fuck the *Mike*. What is needed is informal, unpretentious press. And for that it's either the *New Edition* or - yay! - the *Herald*. So, in a spirit of inter-paper camaraderie, me and Naomi Freeman, music editors of the *New Edition*, decided to check out some bands and do a laid back interview/chat session thing. What you're about to read is part one. Part two, with more on *Superchunk* and other goodies, will be in the next issue of the *New Edition*.

MB: They gather in darkness...
NF: To discuss the state of modern music.
MB: Two young critics with voluminous eighties melodic hardcore collections.
NF: Mine might not be as melodic as yours.
MB: Mine might not be as abrasive as yours. So together we cover everything.
NF: Yin and Yang.
MB: Light and darkness.
NF: *Christ on a Crutch* and *Superchunk*.

@@@@@

MB: So. We're gathered here. We are dictating this by candlelight, which is essential because we're playing the new *Superchunk* album.
NF: And the *Superchunk* album deserves every real natural, hot, burning light source. Briefly, I think we've already surmised that their melodic hardcore album collection from the eighties is... is too big for words, so they call themselves *Superchunk* because they have the superest chunks of wax known to... mankind.
MB: They played the Opera House recently. Opening up for them were *980A* - who we saw one song of and who we sort of think sucked, altho we probably shouldn't say that without hearing more than one song, but heck - and *UIC*. When I first saw them (*UIC*) they were a garagey, punky, Stoogish band, and apparently they turned into a soul-ish band.
NF: When I saw them they were a country act, with a big fat singer with an acoustic guitar and a beard and a cowboy hat...
MB: And now they're a scremetal "punk" band and pretty obnoxious.
NF: Although I always thought they were obnoxious, but that's just my opinion.
MB: The lead singer has a Frankie Venom-ish charm, altho he may be starting to take himself seriously, which is a dangerous trap. When he was writhing his body in time with the drum solo it was pretty silly. Still, he's definitely the highlight of the band. The show's highlight was "Bomb Boys", a song off their incredible album, *Our Garage*. Buy it, skip the band live. They used to be the type of band that would induce minimalist composers of avantgarde music to dance on tables after two

beers: now they inspire Scarberians to wave their lighters in the air... Anyways, onwards. Naomi, what were your reactions to *Superchunk*?
NF: Small people. Definitely short hair and imposing attire is in for true hardcore fanatics.
MB: And they were doing their best to bring back the pogo. (Hint! Hint! all you hardcores.)
(More on *Superchunk* in the next issue of the *New Edition* - check it out.)

MB: Rubica is a trained actor and really puts herself into her song.
NF: Such a strong voice. Don't even think of Sinead O'Connor.
MB: She started off, in the first song, singing Indian scales, she sang a jazz tune later in the set, they did their originals... One nice thing too was that they took requests, and that the audience had requests. Doug's songs - he and Rubica write - definitely grow on you; they're not immediately catchy; they're songs

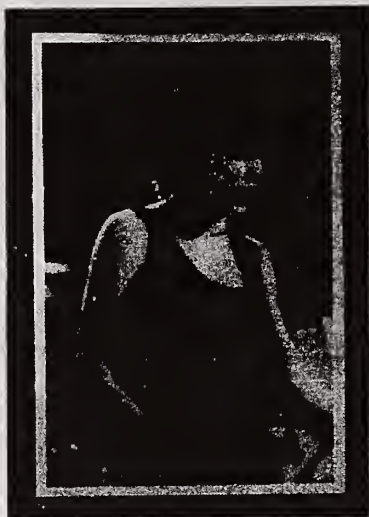
MB: So if anyone sees it, please return it to her - it was last seen at Clinton's... It's an archetypal rock band lineup - intense drummer, cool bass player, casually cool singer, and of course guitarist Stephen Stanley (brother of Innis alumnus Rob Stanley) doing his rock-god-with-a-sense-of-humour poses in front of his amp.
NF: He was really cool. They are sexy in a non-sexual way.
MB: They have a cassette out called *Shakespeare My Butt*, which is a bit expensive, but excellent. They are totally a pop rock band. They combine three currents of rock: the gorgeous three chord catchy pop side, the "we're gonna fucking rock" energy side, and the intelligent, ironic side, especially lyrically - Westerberg meets Costello.

didn't follow through on, and added in *Op Ivy's* six-song debut EP and two tracks from a Maximum Rockroll compilation. It's about the best collection of high energy tuneage you could hope to find. They've also re-released *Green Day's* first album, with some EP tracks, which is beautiful, plus released their second album *Kerplunk*. There's also a new *Screaming Weasel* album out called *My Brain Hurts*, which I haven't heard but apparently cranks some rockin' popcore.

And finally, one cannot neglect to mention the godlike *Blat/Filth* split album, two doses of refreshingly pure punk angst and, well, fucking hatred. Filth are the more conventional of the two, with a mid-tempo, slightly metal-tinged hardcore attack, fronted by Jake Filth's shrieked/growled vocals about shit, corruption, pain, and "fucking rebellion". Blatz have more of a garagey punk sound, and beyond that are almost indescribable. They're a total hatred and angst and sheer luminous youth-energy party on vinyl, always out of control but building their own order from the chaos, and always in your face. As they so poignantly declare: "We're not gonna piss in a cup / No, we're gonna FUCK SHIT UP!!" Truly a transcendent experience.

And of course, for a polar opposite in attitude, Lookout! also has an album by *Fifteen* called *Swain's First Bike Ride*. It's definitely punk, although with some more conventional rock stylings, and the recording is definitely trashy in a good, exciting way; but the lyrics are complete peace and love, even though half of them are growled. Completely convincing and inspirational music that - like *Operation Ivy* and *Schmerz* - completely restores my faith in punk/hardcore as a truly righteous musical force. Wow.

Be cool, enjoy, and support your scene, and I'll see you out there.



SOULSTORM

MB: Let's talk about *Soulstorm*. Let's talk about hell.
NF: (vomits noises)
MB: Let's talk about boring, silly...
NF: Egos with delay pedals.
MB: Anticlimactic...
NF: Unprofessional but trying to...
MB: Trying for the worst aspects of professionalism.
NF: Like good sound for puking noises. (The vocals.)
MB: "You will all die." (Growled.) They were attempting to be heavy, frightening, industrial and metal and failing. Horrible band.

BIGMOUTH

MB: They're basically a two-piece: Doug Anderson and Rubica Singh Waraich. They have a three-song cassette out. Doug is an amazing rhythm guitarist, Rubica sings. Some songs they do with a tabla player, some with a bass player and conga player.
NF: The first song was hypnotizing. This totally gorgeous woman, with an amazing voice and a guy beside her playing the rhythm guitar like I'd never heard and the sounds that came out of Rubica's throat were... primal, beautiful.

you think about. If you're into going out and getting drunk, *Bigmouth* are not the band to see. But if you're into seriously good, seriously intelligent music...

NF: Check them out. The bottom line.
MB: They're playing February 16 at C'est What and March 10 at the Cameron.

THE LOWEST of THE LOW

MB: *Bigmouth* gigged a while back with perhaps the premiere - certainly the best known - representatives of the new Toronto scene, *The Lowest of the Low*.
NF: The show at Clinton's was not God, but was a God-like experience.
MB: There was more of a performer-audience separation at this show than they normally have. They were more of a band, rather than your fellow drinkers who happen to be great songwriters and players.
NF: They were a completely together band, and they weren't like I imagined. I didn't imagine the long hair, or the checked shirts -
MB: Can we say *Replacements* circa 1985?
NF: the gum-chewing, the nonchalant hipness. They made me dance my ass off.

CLIMAX BAND

MB: Well, we don't know anything about the band, but we just might as well say that they're incredible and they play every Saturday afternoon at the Chick'n'Deli at Mt. Pleasant and Eglinton.

ENDnote

Okay. That's that, and I've still got some stuff to say that we didn't get to, like the fact that *surrender darathy* are playing at Hart House. March 5, and they rule in a heavy grooving way. Check them out. (They are also playing Lee's, February 14, with *Dig Circus*, who you know already are great, and *Gideon and the False Idols*, who I have no knowledge of. Check that out too.)

On the recorded front, Lookout! Records are trying to bankrupt me. They've re-released *Operation Ivy's* classic *Energy* album, the album that fulfills every promise the *Clash* and *Stiff Little Fingers* made but

LocalScene



The Year in Music

RecordReviews

by Trevor Balla

1991 was a great year for music. Even though album sales declined, there was a lot of quality out there. Here is a list of my personal favourites from the past year.

10. **The Eric Gales Band**
Great things are to be expected from the sixteen year old guitar virtuoso and his hard rocking band.

9. **Van Halen**
For *Unlawful Carnal Knowledge* V.H. shows us that they still have enough force left to last them well in to the next century. I'm sure Blitz will be pleased to hear that.

8. **Stevie Nix Vaughan**
The Sky Is Crying
A great collection of previously unreleased material, which was personally selected by Stevie's brother, Janie. The instrumental version of Hendrix's "Little Wing" is well worth the price of the album.

7. **ICE T**
Original Gangster
This album is well worth a listen because it is such a reflection of life in the nineties. The former gang member discusses how youths are misled by the rewards of material wealth, that they will do anything to achieve power. This is the decade of crime and violence and Ice T does a great job.

6. **Simple Minds**
Real Life
Very intimate. A return to the style they lost after the success of "Don't You Forget About Me."

5. **Buddy Guy**
Damn Right, I've Got The Blues
Even though the album is generally over produced, it still shows Guy at his guitar flamin' best. It is good to see him finally getting the recognition he so justly deserves.

4. **Metallica**
It keeps pounding and pounding and pounding and pounding...

3. **Vinax**
Rooms In My Father's House
Discovered by Sung in a Santa Monica club only playing an African talking drum, Vinax put out a debut that stirs the soul with his passionate vocals. I never thought I would say this, but thanks Sting.

2. **Urban Dance Squad**
Life 'n' Perspectives in a Genuine Crossover
One of the few groups that can successfully mold rock and rap into a distinctive sound. Every track was thoroughly enjoyable. The only thing I didn't like about the album

was that you had to read away for a copy of the lyrics. This became especially annoying when I could hardly understand the vocals of Rudeboy.

1. **Robert Ward**
Fear No Evil
After being in seclusion for over twenty years, Hammond Scott of Black Top Records tracked down Ward and threw him back into the studio. Armed with a Fender Stratocaster, his trademark Magnatone amp, and his soothing vocals, Ward creates an album that can only be called a modern day masterpiece. The sheer intensity of his guitar and vocals can warm the coldest of hearts. "Robert Ward was doing Jimi Hendrix before Jimi Hendrix was doing Jimi Hendrix." - Lonnie Mack.

Honourable Mention:

Flabious
The Reality Of My Surroundings
Albert Collins
Iceman
Luther Vandross
The Power Of Love
Skid Row
Slave To The Grind

Best Video:

"I'm Too Sexy" - Right Said Fred
Hey, when did Haaz and Franz sign a record deal?

Worst Video:

"Losing My Religion" - R.E.M.
What the hell was that? Well, at least I had a good laugh.

Best Album Cover:

Nirvana - *Nevermind*
The entire concept was very clever.

Best Concert:

Buddy Guy with John Campbell at the Bathurst St. Theatre. The house was rocking all night, especially when Guy walked onto the balcony. The only problem was that John Campbell placed samplers of his new album on each seat. I finally figured out why I was so uncomfortable during the concert.

Most Improved Artist:

24-7 Spyz
This Is...
After two albums, the band finally has a distinctive sound instead of going off into different directions.

Best New Artist:

The Eric Gales Band.

MUSICAL SUICIDE

by Chris Hunter

Ok — the topic today is, like, music. On that boser note, I'll start right in on that Bryan Adams Can-Con thing. Sure, like everybody else I think it's stupid Bry has to miss out on something that virtually hinges on his birthright, and I understand why he's mad, but he shouldn't slag off the system. After all, he sure took advantage of it. There he is, with his jerky manager, saying, virtually, that Canadian content laws suck. That shit is uncalled for. Especially his manager putting down Tom Cochrane, saying "the only reason you hear crap like Tom Cochrane is because of the content laws." Well, excusez-moi, but I think his "No Regrets" tune is rockin', compared to a lot of the "Kids Wanna Rock" and "Heaven" shit that Adams churned out after "Cuts Like a Knife". (Maybe Bryan's manager is pissed because Cochrane fired him a while back — and if you ask me, it's had a positive effect on Tom's career.) And those content laws forced me to listen to "Summer of '69" one too many times, too.

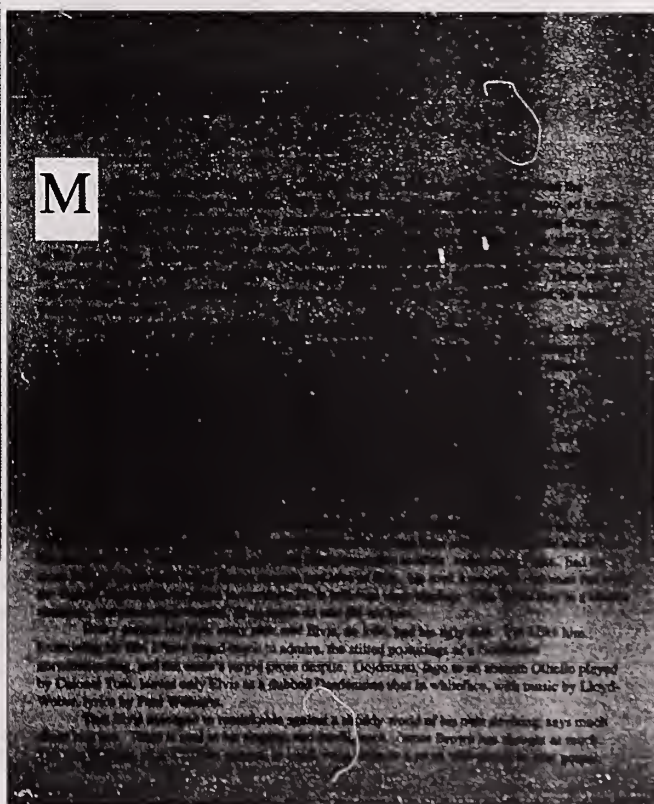
I didn't really mind listening to Bryan when he came on the radio. I knew the system was working. I had faith that no matter what the Americans threw at us, we were

protected by a law that made sure I got my dose of BTO, Voivod, Maestro and what have you. If that meant another spin of Bry, then so be it. But he was wronged, man. I sympathize. Just because a British guy collaborated with him, he can't enjoy the benefits of mandatory airplay on Canadian stations, including Much. That's not fair to him. But bureaucracy fucks up sometimes. It's Kafka-esque. There are pros and cons, but you've gotta weigh them. (Personally, I'm not that depressed, because if I hear "Everything I Do (I Do It for You)" again, I'll... well, let's just say I've learned the lyrics, and I don't have the album.)

I think we need Canadian content. I even saw a band do a Barney Bentall cover, so someone must like him. I must confess to liking Mitsou's stuff. (I like one line in her new tune: "Dernain, je prends une autre avion..." Love 'em an leave 'em baby! Is "avion" masculine or feminine?) I wonder if Neil Young qualifies under the law? He doesn't even live here, I believe not for decades. Is the stuff he did awhile ago eligible (most notably Harvest)? That's the problem with

laws — there's so much red tape.

But I believe that's what held the Canadian flag together: our basically responsible government, and our responsible citizens. We made laws under Trudeau to protect ourselves economically against the States, etc. ("If you wanna sell it here, build it here."), because we need shit like that. I guess y'all know that California has the same population as Canada. And the 50 billion Bush just cut from nukes? That'd cover Canada's (and Ontario's) deficit. We can't "compete". It's stupid to try. (Unless it comes to intelligence, tolerance, social responsibility, integration and, hell, creativity! ...because let's face it, nobody, no country on the planet, competes with O Canada there.) But when it comes to "big money" and production, we just don't have the head count, in relation to our proximity. And I ac'ually like the population this size, personally. Anyway, if we chucked the Canadian content laws, it'd mean musical "free trade" — suicide. Because American Warner Brothers, Sony, CBS and even UA would more often say, "sorry Bob and Doug, why should we take a chance and sign you Canadian hosers?"



EVO2: Methods of Montage

by Jim DesRoches

The fluorescent lights were buzzing and some kid had dumped his cup of Pepsi because he wasn't careful when he was skateboarding down the aisle. Two entrepreneurs were mumbling quietly through tobacco stained beards, sipping their bottomless cups of coffee once in a blue moon. Street corner revenues were bad. Ah, another night at Taco Bell. Lino, our usual manager, was out that night, and I had to wait for my Chicken Soft Taco, but that was all right, because it left me plenty of time to eat my Nacho Bell.

We were settled in, Mole and I, when something came to my mind. "Mole." He was wrestling with a big beef something. "Mole. I've got an idea about Eisenstein."

"Don't bring that shit up while I'm eating."

"Oh, all right."

So, we sat and ate, and wished we hadn't, and then had seconds. Then I told him. "Mole, Eisenstein's theory of montage applies to everything."

He looked at me with disdain, and wrinkled his nose. "I told you not to talk to me about that while we're eating."

"But we're finished."

"Film theory should be done in moderation, and never at meal times. Forget it."

"It isn't film theory. It's food theory." He sat up, licked his lips, and lit a cigarette with both hands. And this is exactly what I told him:

"Is the method of overtone meal montage unrelated to our previous experience, artificially grafted onto our eating habits, or is it simply a quantitative accumulation of one attribute that makes a dialectic leap and begins to function as a new qualitative attribute?"

In other words, is overtone meal montage a dialectical stage of development within the development of the whole montage system of methods, standing in successive relation to other forms of montage?

These are the formal categories of meal montage that we know:

1. Metric Montage

The fundamental criterion for this construction is the absolute sizes of the bites. The bites are taken according to their sizes, in a formula scheme corresponding to a measure of music. Realization is in the repetition of these "measures."

Tension is achieved by the effect of mechanical acceleration by lessening the size of the bites while preserving the original proportions of the formula. Complicated measures are less effective than simple ones. They are contrary to "law of simple numbers."

I do not mean to imply that the bite beat should be recognizable as part of the perceived impression. On the contrary. Though unrecognized, it is nevertheless indispensable for the "organization" of the sensual impression. Its clarity can bring into unison the "pulsing" of the eater and the "pulsing" of the audience. Without such a unison (obtainable by many means) there can be no contact between the two.

Over complexity of the metric beat produces a chaos of impressions, instead of a distinct emotional tension.

2. Rhythmic Montage

Here, in determining the size of the bites, the content within the bite is a factor possessing equal rights to consideration. Abstract determination of the bite size gives way to a flexible relationship of the actual size.

Here the actual size does not coincide with the mathematically determined size of the bite according to a metric formula. Here its practical length derives from the specifics of the bite, and from its planned size according to the structure of the course (it could be an aperitif, or the main course, for example).

Formal tension by acceleration is obtained here by shortening the bites not only in accordance with the fundamental meal plan, but also by violating this plan. The most affective violation is by the

physiological perception. This too, represents a level related to the preceding levels. These four categories are methods of montage eating. They become montage constructions proper when they enter into relations of conflict with each other. Overtone montage grows out of the conflict between the principal tone of the bite (its dominant) and the overtone of the meal.

We must define what characterizes the effect of the various forms of montage on the psycho-physiological complex of the person on the perceiving end.

The first, metric category is characterized by a rude motive force. It is capable of impelling the spectator to reproduce the perceived action, outwardly.

I have designated the second category as rhythmic. It might also be called primitive-emotive.

The third category—tonal—might also be called melodic—emotive. Here chewing, already ceasing to be a simple change in the second case, passes over distinctly into an emotive vibration of a still higher order.

The fourth category—a fresh flood of pure physiologism, as it

were, echoes, in the highest degree of intensity, the first category...

5. Intellectual Montage

Intellectual montage is not a matter of the prior, generally physiological categories, but rather the conflict-juxtaposition of accompanying intellectual effects.

The gradational quality is here determined by the fact that there is no difference in principle between the motion of a man chewing a combo burrito under the influence of elementary metric montage (see above) and the intellectual process within it, for the intellectual process is the same agitation, but in the dominion of the higher nerve centres.

Applying the experience of work along lower lines to categories of a higher order, this affords the possibility of carrying the attack into the very heart of things and phenomena. Thus the fifth category is of the intellectual overtone.

Our task is to build a completely new form of culinary consumption—the realization of revolution in the general history of culinary culture; building a synthesis of science, art, and class militancy."

Mole shifted in his seat and looked at the yellow and purple fluffy things festooned across the ceiling. "You did go out and buy those smart drugs, didn't you?" It was my turn to look at the ceiling. "You might have something there, but it sounds too complicated. Eating is easier than that. And you didn't take into account all the possible conflicts between solids and liquids either. Without that, you haven't got a complete theory."

"Maybe Eisenstein didn't have to deal with liquids. Maybe he only ate solids."

"That's stupid." He got up, and brushed a couple shreds of cheese off his front. "I'm going to go and get another Pepsi. You want one?"

I handed him my cup, and off he went, leaving me to stew. The lights were buzzing, and the floor was sticky. The two entrepreneurs might have left, but it wasn't worth checking up on. The trays were covered with crumpled wax paper and cardboard. My meal was settling down and my stomach was churning like an overloaded washing machine. Like, I don't know, like bricks. My stomach churned, brick by brick...

Hey, bricks...

Film theory
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meal times.

introduction of material more intense in an easily distinguished tempo.

3. Tonal Montage

This term is employed for the first time. It expresses a stage beyond rhythmic montage.

In rhythmic montage it is content of the bite that impels the montage movement from bite to bite. Such content may be of texture, food group, or temperature.

In tonal montage, content is perceived in a wider sense. The concept of content embraces all affects of the bite. Here montage is based on the characteristic emotional sound of the bite—of its dominant. The general tone of the bite.

A construction in simple bite sizes has been elevated to a new category of eating—a category of higher significance. This brings us to a category of montage that we may justly name:

4. Overtone Montage

In my opinion, overtone montage is organically the furthest development along the line of tonal montage. As I have indicated, it is distinguishable from tonal montage by the collective calculation of all the bite's appeals.

This characteristic steps up the impression from a melodically emotional colouring to a directly



by Steve Gravestock

Last year has already been written off as a terrible one for films. However, that judgement seems a little extreme. It's true that 1991 was dominated by timidity, mediocrity, and poor decisions, but then again what year hasn't been? This perception has been created largely by critics, but there'll be more about them later. There was a lot of good work done or released last year; you just had to know where to look. In 1991, more than any other recent year, you had to give smaller more marginal films a shot.

truly creative input. See, for example, *Twins* which has one idea and one joke played out for two long hours. (DeVito and Schwarzenegger were cast as twins.)

Similarly, when directors become enormously successful they often lose control. Pumped up on success, they don't worry about the quality of the script they start with and believe that they'll pull it out of the fire by improvising or on the basis of their technical skill. You wind up with a lot of splashy

publicized; Orson Welles tried for twenty years to make his last movie.) Big budgets also liberate a director's imagination and allows him or her to attempt scenes they couldn't even dream about if they didn't have access to a lot of dough.

Instead of liberating artists, though, large budgets usually compromise them. They wind up having to answer to many, far less creative people. And if the project is high concept or a director's ego has gone ballistic, you end up with

financial and critical success. There's no art in *Terminator* and not really any original ideas. (The time travel stuff is old hat.) Its charm and heavy rep is based primarily on Schwarzenegger (who first displayed his sense of humour in *Terminator*), its trashy and immediately acceptable (ie: familiar) sci-fi premise, its effectively relentless pace, its low budget cheapness, and the way it comfortably fit into a viable, recognized genre. People offered

These expensive projects are probably going to sink the industry. Carolco, the company that produced *T2*, almost went under. Though the movie made \$200 million it was obvious that it was just too expensive to make any money. Other whopper flicks that probably won't or didn't turn a profit include *Hook* (which cost \$80 to \$100 mill), *Hudson Hawk* (\$60 mill), and probably Oliver Stone's *JFK* (\$55 mill). (In order for a movie to turn a profit is has to do double what it cost to

BEST OF 1991

Big movies by established directors just didn't cut it.

There were many reasons why so many huge movies failed or seemed lacklustre. First and foremost, the decline of the scriptwriter. Very few films were based on reasonably thought-out, inventive scripts. The number of incredibly well-directed movies with nothing at all to say—from Jonathon Wacks's *Mystery Date* to Streisand's *Prince of Tides* to Albert Brooks's *Defending Your Life*—and the number of egregiously lengthy, extends-flick productions illustrate that very few people were paying attention to the most fundamental aspect of filmmaking.

The decline of the writer is inextricably linked to the continuing dominance (and success) of high concept thinking, the egos of certain directors, and the wild escalation of budgets. High concept means you produce a film on the basis of what the marketing department thinks will sell. Usually, this idea is extremely simple and doesn't allow for any

sequences, tons of things going boom, and a sinking feeling when you leave the theatre. (Writer-directors aren't exempt either since they often shoot their own half-baked scripts thereby letting the process supercode the reason for making the film in the first place.) This egotism is partially understandable since filmmaking is almost always a hectic process. Anytime one succeeds it's liable to seem like a miracle especially if you were on the set. After watching some of the apparently endless turkeys released last year, though, you may not be inclined towards sympathy.

Access to bigger budgets and stars probably feels like a godsend if you've been struggling to make films or simply get work, and most directors do struggle no matter how successful or prominent they become. (Lynch had to turn to TV after *Blue Velvet* because he couldn't get his own projects off the ground; Cronenberg's difficulties financing *Naked Lunch* were well

a summer like the one we just had. Two and a half to three hour duds. (Watching them was like reading some of my articles.) It doesn't help if the director is totally unprepared to take on huge projects either. *Robin Hood*, *Prince of Thieves* was directed by Kevin Reynolds, who's quite talented. However, the movie's first couple of scenes clearly indicate that Reynolds is way over his head. The same goes for Michael (Heathers) Lehman's *Hudson Hawk*. Both directors appeared to have been crushed by the size of the projects, the speed with which they had to be completed, and the pressure of dealing with the enormous egos of the stars and producers they worked with.

The most financially successful product of the year, James Cameron's *Terminator 2*, provides the best example of how these three factors can often work in tandem. The original *Terminator*, which Cameron also directed, was a cheaply made

Cameron bigger projects because of his blatantly bred-in-the-bone commercial instincts. Schwarzenegger as a robot is high concept in its infancy—and obvious technical skill. Besides, even if he considered himself an artist, his idea of art couldn't be too far removed from what the marketing department would consider art.

After *Terminator*, Cameron bludgeoned the audience with booming sound effects, constant shocks, and vaguely interesting, schematic ideas. (The kind that give Robin Wood immense pleasure.) *Aliens* and *The Abyss* were based on weak scripts and saleable concepts. *Terminator* made an enormous amount of money on video so *T2*'s success was practically guaranteed. His work isn't utterly vile, by any means; both *Aliens* and *T2* are relatively enjoyable though they are both completely devoid of ideas. However, it's entirely valid to ask whether his latest movie's worth all the money that was spent on it (approximately \$70 million).

make.) Most of the top money makers weren't that expensive, but I doubt if anyone in Hollywood is really taking this into account. Disney exec Jeffrey Katzenberg, who caused a stir with a widely circulated memo about cutting costs and not bidding for stars, went out and spent \$10 million dollars to get Eddie Murphy.

Another revolting development was the way critics fell over themselves to be the first to defend *Jungle Fever* and *JFK*, displaying their courage in the safest way possible. In other words, they fell for the line of bullshit Lee and Stone ran. These "artists" have established a new way of selling a movie. Whine, kick up a fuss, and claim that, if you criticize their work or consider it in any way, you're a racist or a reactionary. This doesn't leave anyone much breathing room but very few critics have the guts to point this out. The distressing thing is that other, more talented filmmakers seem to be heading down the same path. In a *Village Voice*





interview published around the time *Silence of the Lambs* was released, Jonathon Demme spewed out horrendous cant, hitting on or dragging in every liberal touchpoint.

Film criticism, never a noble profession, hit new lows last year. The lowest point, I think, was Roger Ebert's defense of Stone's gasbag opus. He asked Oscar voters to look beyond the controversy the movie generated and see how good it was as a film. Does he really think Stone is that exceptional a stylist? Moreover, the movie is pure politics (of the hysterical left-lib variety) and it can't be considered on any other terms. There's no art to separate you from Stone's "theory" about the Kennedy assassination. It's spoken, hell - shouted, directly at you. There's a huge aesthetic gulf between *JFK* and William Richert's paranoid comedy about the assassination, *Winter Kills*, because the Richert movie actually offers more than its theories. Incidentally, I'm a little surprised that no one picketed *JFK* since it's offensive to women and gays. As with most Stone films, women are presented as lifeless, brainless druggies. The conspirators we get to see are all gay and psychotic. That's not a healthy equation.

The other critical low point was a little more amusing. In her year-end piece, the *Voice's* Amy Taubin announced that her standard for determining whether a movie was good or not depended on whether it attacked the patriarchy. It must be nice to have a solid yardstick: You can measure the film with it and then use it to whack people if they disagree with you.

Film critics also displayed a depressing fondness for jumping on small modest movies. Among the mildly amusing, reasonably well done projects that got brutalized: *Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead*, *Don't Tell Her It's Me*, *Mystery Date*, and I'm leaving out some of the best films of the year, most of which were treated unconsciously.

Anyway, to get onto the good things, it was a great year for Canadian movies. Among the highlights: *Black Robe*, *Clearcut*, *Perfectly Normal*. (1992 may be an even better year. Both *Talk 16* and *Masala* are highly entertaining and courageous.) Performances were

unusually good. Nick Nolte accomplished a miracle in *Prince of Tides*, creating a character out of tics and integrity though he wasn't given anything to start with. Wesley Snipes was just as good in *New Jack City*.

There were several great ensemble casts. *Rambling Rose*, *The Commitments*, and *Meeting Venus* featured a highly accomplished group of performers who worked beautifully together.

Here is my Ten Best List for 1991. I apologize for the obscurity of some of the choices. Like I said you had to look hard for the good stuff. Besides most of them are available on video. They're listed in order of preference.

It must be nice to have a solid yardstick. You can measure the film with it and then use it to whack people if they disagree with you.

Backyard Movie, *Broken Noses* (Bruce Weber): In a year when almost no major films were under two hours and most of those "epics" stank, it's somehow fitting that the best film was a short. Weber took his father's home movies and wrote a wry commentary over them. The result, *Backyard Movie*, was a gorgeous, elegiac piece that was emotionally deeper and more satisfying than anything produced in Hollywood or abroad. *Broken Noses* wasn't as good, but it's very compelling. It fails because Weber isn't obsessed with Terry Melcher, the boxer the movie concentrates

on, the way he was with Chet Baker, and because Melcher isn't nearly as interesting. Still it explains a lot about the way Weber, one of America's most gifted filmmakers, works.

Point Break (Kathryn Bigelow, script by W. Peter Illiff): This breathtakingly energetic thriller about FBI agents and surfer bank robbers boasted great performances (by Swayze, Lori Petty, and Gary Bussey) and a clever attack on Reaganite values. It's sobering and dizzying at the same time. Right from the opening shots of waves, you know you're watching the work of a director who is as visceral and intense as Peckinpah or early Scorsese. With this film, Bigelow gloriously justified all of the press attention she has received in the last couple years.

Hearts of Darkness (George Hickenlooper, Fax Bahr, Eleanor Coppola): This documentary about the making of *Apocalypse Now* shed light on Coppola's career and the industry. It explained why Coppola failed miserably in most of the projects he took on after *Apocalypse* and placed that film historically. *Apocalypse* was a major turning point; after it, directors went for big moments — like the Duvall scene — rather than ideas. It's one of the finest examples of film history and criticism I've ever come across.

Object of Beauty (Michael Lindsay-Hogg): As a comedy about two dissolute, aristocratic types (Andie MacDowell and John Malkovich), *Object* had a unique tone: slapstick shot through a fog. It also had much to say about what determines beauty (the price primarily) and the danger of judging things and people by appearances. The characters MacDowell and Malkovich play have more depth, and their relationship is much stronger, than you first think. Besides, they're quite charming.

Heat and Sunlight (Rob Nilsson): San Francisco based filmmaker Nilsson produced one of the best break-up movies of all time. *Heat* focuses on the end of a relationship between a semi-narcissistic, semi-ridiculous photographer and a self-centered dancer. Nilsson improvises with his actors and produces some surprisingly funny twists. The movie's also

emotionally intense and visually stunning.

Impromptu (James Lapine): Lapine approached historical figures (novelist George Sand, composers Chopin and Liszt) the way Doctorow would: irreverently. These bohemians are shallow and often mean-spirited as well as entertaining. *Impromptu* slyly sticks it to the Romantic myth about the suffering artist. When Liszt, in the throes of creative despair, apologizes to Sand for complaining too much and telling her things she must know already (since she's an artist too), she laughs and says she just whips things off. *Impromptu* also captures the period nicely in the way the performers look and behave, and in the way it views the bohemians' rebellion. Their disregard for social niceties costs them, especially the unconventional Sand. She's trapped by her rebellion as much as she's liberated by it.

Year of the Gun (John Frankenheimer, script by David Ambrose): This nifty thriller documents the collapse of the left by examining the Red Brigade. As the filmmakers see it, leftist ideology (and ideology in general) is crippling and dehumanizing. The cell leader doesn't give a damn about improving conditions; he only cares about power. The filmmakers don't have their heads in the sand though; they are smart enough to recognize that you can't escape dealing with politics. Frankenheimer does wonders with Andrew McCarthy, who plays the shallow young hero. For the very first time, McCarthy doesn't make you want to run for the exits. The rest of the cast, particularly Sharon Stone, Valeria Golino, and John Pankow, does excellent work.

Short Fuse (Warren Sonbert): Sonbert doesn't have the patience or the time for conventional narrative — he juxtaposes images wildly, frenetically. For Sonbert, though, dumping narrative doesn't entitle him to indulgence. If anything, his movies are more rigorous and better thought out because he abandons plot. This half-hour movie about aggression and beauty deepens with each viewing. It's the ultimate rock video: energetic and smart, and it had the best ending I saw all year. *Short Fuse* concludes with shots of parades and celebrations — after footage of wars and

catastrophes — which is accompanied by Laura Branigan's "Gloria" from the "Flashdance" soundtrack. It's a rapturously ironic moment.

The Miracle (Neil Jordan): The only good, bona fide traditional art movie of the year. It's especially enjoyable when Jordan focuses on Niall Byrne and Lorraine Pilkington as two teenage literary chums. The first few scenes, when they're lazing around the beach and creating histories about the people around them, are very fine. The movie goes downhill a little when it strays away from these two. It's also marred by Jordan's lack of film sense. There's a slightly stifling self-consciousness about his work, as if you were reading a great literary critic rather than seeing a movie. (This quality separates him from more significant artists like Weber.) Still, *The Miracle* is intelligent and emotionally strong.

The Camb (Brothers Quay) / **The Body Beautiful** (Ngozi Onwurah):

The former is a funky, animated, Freudian short. The latter is a feminist semi-documentary that meditates on sexuality and social standards. The director's mother had a mastectomy and suffers from severe arthritis. To varying degrees, I hated the ideas and assumptions behind both but the execution is amazing. There's an astonishing, hypnotic quality to the way these film-makers work. The Quays keep surprising you with the ways they remodel the physical universe. Onwurah pushes you away with her rage at how society treats her mother and then pulls you back with her sympathy and the unique way she paces the film. (The bottom keeps dropping out and just when you're about to give up on the damn thing it comes on really strong.)

Note: The one regret I have about the year is that I didn't get to write about Charles Burnett's *To Sleep With Anger*. Burnett's film was released in 1990 so, technically, I couldn't include it on this list. (I was lazy and didn't see it until it came out on video.) If I could have, it would have been very close to the top. Burnett has a rigorous intelligence, extraordinary technical expertise and emotional depth. His work makes almost everyone else's look puny and insignificant.



Is it a Conspiracy?

Recently, conspiracy theories have received relatively substantial coverage in the media. *October Surprise*, *Iran-Contra*, *BCCI* and the film *JFK* have each raised important questions about the functioning of the most powerful government in the world. *CKLN's Undercurrents*, a source of alternative views in the Toronto area has devoted many hours of airtime to conspiracy theorists such as John Judge and Bo Griz.

A conspiracy theory attempts to explain a given event by identifying the specific individuals who had a hand in the affair. The conspiracy theorist concentrates on personalities, secret meetings, timetables and other specifics. For example, in studying the BCCI scandal, a conspiracy theorist would attempt to identify which banks, which CIA agents, which arms dealers and which government officials were involved. Implicit in the analysis is the assertion that were it not for these particular rogue elements, the event would not have occurred.

boys and other behind-the-scenes decisionmakers over our social, political and economic life. Beyond this, however, conspiracy theory can confuse more than clarify our understanding of the exercise of power in our society.

There are two major shortcomings in conspiracy theory. The first is that the intent of conspiracy theory is the placing of proximate blame on specific persons. This is useful in an impeachment trial but not useful for understanding causes of events or the institutions behind them. Rather than assuming that were it not Ollie North running Iran-Contra it would have been someone else, conspiracy theories assume that if we remove certain individuals from their posts, everything will run smoothly.

capitalism, certain intelligence operatives but not our national security organizations. There is no linkage made between events and institutions. Conspiracy theorists blame a few manipulators, not the massive concentrations of power and veils of secrecy prevalent in both public and private sector institutions.

source of their power? It is a reasonable surmise that the policy that evolves will reflect the special interests of those who design it. An honest study of history will reveal that this natural expectation is quite generally fulfilled. The evidence is overwhelming, in my opinion, that the United States is no exception to the general rule - a thesis that is often characterized as a 'radical critique'.

- Noam Chomsky.

While this passage deals specifically with foreign policy, it is helpful to understand domestic events in the same terms. In this way, we can understand the murder of John F. Kennedy as a result of the president threatening the power of the military and intelligence institutions of his country. The assassi-

sination was the articulation of the self-preservation motive inherent in all organizations. Naming the assassin and the methods he used then becomes colour commentary, effective in selling movies and causing insomnia, but ineffective for understanding events or contributing to change.

are not the main problem. The problem lies in the monopolization of power at the top of our institutions and the pervasive organizational goals of self-preservation, self-justification and expansion. These goals encourage or force people to adopt certain roles or carry out certain actions. When organizational tendencies are combined with inconceivable amounts of money and power, it is easy to see how we get people like Allen Dulles (JFK), Nixon (Watergate), Reagan (October Surprise) and Oliver North (Iran-Contra).

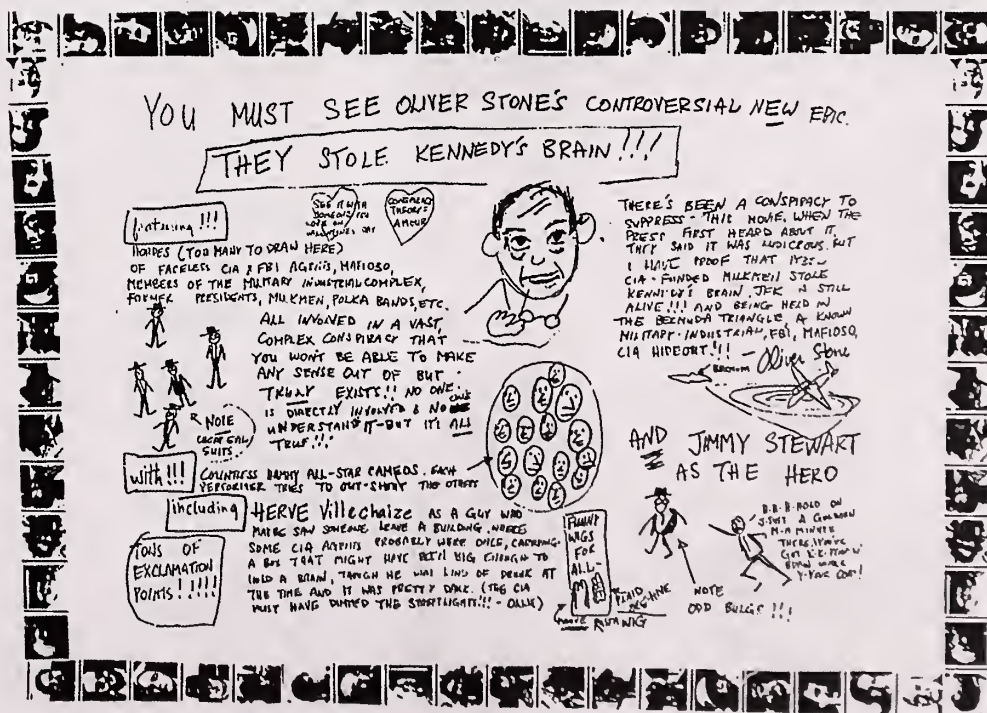
The conspiracy approach leads people to demand the impeachment or prosecution of specific miscreants, doing nothing to combat the frequency with which these events occur. The institutional approach, on the other hand, leads people to wage a campaign of constant pressure to offset the effects of concentrated power and organizational tendencies. This approach can also lead to the creation of new, smaller, localized institutions which would not be entirely free of similar tendencies, but would be far less able to pursue them.

Sadly, these questions are not explored by mainstream media. For the media to criticize major institutions would be to question their own validity. The media is the integral component in the battle.

Based on the article "Conspiracy...
Not" by Michael Alpert in *Z
Magazine*, December 1991.

An Alternative to Conspiracy Theory

"If we hope to understand anything about the foreign policy of any state, it is a good idea to begin by investigating the domestic social structure: Who sets foreign policy? What interests do these people represent? What is the domestic



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Alive and Kicking: Subjectivity in the Media

by Mike Khoo and April McClellan

A modern day myth is alive and kicking (us in the teeth). This myth is that of objective journalism; what the mainstream media hopelessly aspire to be. The media claim to be the unbiased communicators of plain and simple fact geared to the public's best interest. This claim is unfounded and dangerous.

Journalism imparts news. The Oxford Concise Dictionary defines news as "information on recent events" — information defined as "facts told or heard or discovered". Facts are defined as "things known to be true".

The hero(ine) of this myth is the hard nosed reporter, (some noses are softer than others, right Gerald?) who, through self-sacrifice and saintly determination, expose... the envelope please... "the truth". This erroneous image of the journalist, is perpetuated by the mainstream media. Contributing to this image are advertisements which crown CTV's Lloyd Robertson as "the reliable source", and with TV shows which herald fiction as truth, such as "Now It Can Be Told".

Canadian woman in space... marvellous. We are told she performed all kinds of important experiments and still had time for her "house duties". Isn't science and technology grand? They're always striving relentlessly forward, looking after human interests and trying to improve life on earth. That is if they leave any earth for us to enjoy. Dr Helen Caldicott makes a disturbing claim, backed by two Soviet rocket scientists, which takes much of the romance out of the journey into space. Caldicott asserts that with each shuttle launch, 250 tonnes of hydrochloric acid is released into the air. They estimate that so far, the space shuttle has destroyed at least ten percent of the ozone layer. The shuttle also releases three hundred eighty seven tonnes of carbon dioxide which contributes to the Greenhouse Effect. How fitting that NASA was first to discover a hole in the ozone - a hole that they helped to create.

It is a commonly held belief that the media look after the public interest, but whose interests are

license; the liberties taken concerning the historical details. Two examples of these liberties: the final heart wrenching courtroom plea for responsible government by Garrison, and scenes depicting fictitious conversations with mysterious informants, ie: the character played by Donald Sutherland. *Rolling Stone* used both of these examples to condemn the movie, pointing out that "as proof it's bunk". *Eye Weekly*, also claimed that the movie "missed the mark". Their solution to getting "bogged down" with the alternative evidence presented in the movie was to espouse the official (and already disproved) version. Eighty-eight percent of Americans polled rejected the Warren Commission's account. It's curious that the remaining twelve percent are working for the mainstream media. Neither publication thought it was necessary to comment on the overwhelming evidence that was not fabricated for the movie. One element in this debate. The truth.

Few and far between are publications that took *JFK* as an invitation to pursue the truth, to ask the subjective question Why. Why are movie goers so interested in this film - why has it provoked such debate? Ironically, "why" is precisely the premise of the film. Garrison (Kevin Costner) is not so interested in who pulled the trigger, but in who pulled the strings.

Limitations of expression in mainstream journalism stifle the

pursuit of the truth. These boundaries are usually thought of as non-existent. What is always omitted, is a subjective opinion in mainstream journalism. But it is the answers to the subjective questions that give any story its pertinent meaning.

Mainstream journalists' language is carefully chosen to be as emotionally neutral and value-free as possible. This "neutrality" is clearly impossible. By selecting one word, you are at the same time *deselecting* scores of others that could have taken its place. Instead of being taken at face value, we must realize that "facts" are merely an interpretation of what is seen. Have you ever wondered what the difference is between a "terrorist" and a "freedom fighter"? Or the difference between a "crowd" and a "mob"? The difference lies in the subjective opinion that creates the story (or is it merely a tale?). But not only is this pursuit of constructed objectivity impossible, it is undesirable.

We are an emotional species. We live, die, and laugh; emotion is inherent in all of life's processes. A news report devoid of emotion is as useless as a history book that only offers abstract names and dates. When we envision good journalism, our ideal should be the pursuit of a mean between two ideological extremes; somewhere between objectivity and subjectivity.

The obvious argument against this notion is that subjectivity is dangerous. It can impose upon the

reader another person's values and ideas, leaving the reader no room to formulate their own opinions. But all journalism is value-loaded, with the intention of conveying a viewpoint. It is also argued that with subjective reporting you can't fully trust what the reporter is telling you. You can't fully trust what an "objective" journalist says either.

Popular media claims to be unbiased and value-free, but to be value-free is, strangely enough, a value in itself. For example: a reporter writes about a man convicted of raping a woman. Not commenting on the sickness of the crime is a comment in itself. Perhaps it is even a commendation. What is needed in this case is - God forbid - an opinion.

The admission of subjectivity would expand the parameters of what can and cannot be discussed. Subjectivity should be stated clearly instead of having to appear as some subversive influence. Perhaps this would bring us closer to the truths that our society so dangerously ignores.

We don't know what these truths are, or if they will ever be found. All we know is that they are being deliberately avoided. People have a utopian idea that we all live in a free democracy. But what we often forget is that we are also free to obey, and this is the safe route that many journalists choose to take. A democracy is only a free society when its citizens question the boundaries of the social constructs in which they perform.

By selecting one word, you
deselect scores
that could have taken its place.

The traditional journalistic process addresses questions such as: Who, What, Where, When and How. Conspicuously absent - the subjective question Why. This consistent omission of the subjective angle is rarely disputed. Noam Chomsky defines the above approach as "limiting the parameters of debate". The traditional reply to this criticism is that if there is anything to be said, the media would be saying it.

This rosy idea of reality is bullshit.

In the real world, journalists and reporters are puppets on tight, short strings being pulled by many puppeteers. These puppeteers could be senior editors or publishers whose strings are in turn jerked (off) by politicians, special interest groups, the government and others with financial resources. And those are only the visible strings. In a less conspicuous form, the censorship spawned by these puppeteers is perpetuated by writers at their desks deciding only to relate what will sell; to give the people what they want'. The producer as well, is involved in this screening process and their bottom line is ratings. If their show is criticizing the North American dependence on oil, while the competition is broadcasting the 4th of July spectacle over Baghdad, their station will lose. Those in power decide what is and isn't "fit to print"; what to divert attention from or call attention to.

The coverage of Roberta Bondar's recent space shuttle trip is a cogent example of media censorship at work. The first

really being served here? NASA's and the U.S. government's no doubt - certainly not the public interest. What do you think the *Globe and Mail's* reaction would be to a journalist who proposes a headline "Shuttle Blasts Into Space, Destroys Earth's Ozone".

Another example of how news gets filtered for the public eye occurred during the Gulf War. CNN correspondent, Peter Arnett, brought us gripping, death-defying, accounts of the action in Kuwait. Peter's presence in the Gulf served two purposes: he added credibility to government propaganda (which it needed), and he achieved the sensationalistic effect the Pentagon hoped to create by having live coverage. Peter, you poor deluded soul, you should have stayed home. The "facts" were spoon-fed to him by the government and then forced to us by the media. In reality, the information he received was determined by official press releases which are just as easily obtained by wire service in North America. U.S. Defence Department spokesperson Pete Williams admits that "the reporting [was] largely a recitation of what administration people have said." Dependence on official press releases is one of the ways in which the journalist's parameters of debate are limited and how censorship occurs.

The media's treatment of Oliver Stone's *JFK* is an example of journalist's conformance to these boundaries. Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone's* film critic, wrote a slamming review of the movie. The criticism focused on Stone's artistic



RANDOM THOUGHTS

The Neo-Conservative Backlash on Aids Sexuality and Monogamy

by Toshiya Kuwabara

Many people find it interesting to see how much our Western society has "progressed" since Victorian times - an era synonymous with sexual repression, exploitation, and rigid conformity. We comfortably like to think that we have actually gotten somewhere in terms of social and political equality, even freedom. And that the tight clench of fascism would never happen here, no matter what way it might manifest itself—even as a new conservatism.

Yet here, in our beloved country, you can still get jailed (and beaten) for your sexuality, still have no true legal recognition for a same-sex marriage, can still get fired for having a disease, and still get labelled a degenerate for not living up to the accepted sexual norms. Our "modern" society is as deranged about sex as it was a hundred years ago. Back then, the big thing was masturbation, and now it's sex in general. The whole craziness surrounding the subject is so overwhelming that we don't even recognize how deranged our perceptions are. But if you're one of the deranged, consider this: how many people around you are not heterosexually monogamous? How many are considered by society to be sexual deviants? Could you talk to these people about their sexuality as easily as you could about how much sleep they got last night? What they ate for breakfast? What mood they're in? Could you really? As you read this article, sitting comfortably on your ass, supported by a condescending Western perspective, you might begin to squirm. Not feeling too well? It's probably the uneasiness one feels when trying to deal with something that's only recently come to light, that is, our neurotic culture's reaction toward sex. This reaction is nowhere more evident than in the neo-conservative backlash concerning AIDS, sexuality, and monogamy. It is a last shot attempt at trying to preserve two major Western institutions: the nuclear family and the state, both masquerading as reinforcements of positive (traditional) social values.

This backlash began with the medical establishment's homophobic portrayal of AIDS, and with the help of media and government, it reached its height when it gained the support of the generally misinformed public. Blindly believing in the weight of the medical word, the public never bothered to question why. How Victorian.

If you can accept the existence of a backlash, then it is possible to examine the AIDS paranoia vs. AIDS awareness, that is, we are more paranoid about AIDS than we are informed.

In the early eighties, AIDS began as "the Gay Disease." It was associated with a promiscuous lifestyle that included anal sex. Misinformation was picked up by the mass media and fed to us in exponentially increasing amounts. One of the "scientific" theories regarding the disease's origin was that it came

from the African Green monkey. Later, the disease got its platform name (AIDS), and we encountered terms like HIV, incubation periods, ARC (now, never mentioned), and transmission (currently the hottest topic). It was also associated with drug use ("dirty" needle-sharing), and it ultimately it became a frightening reality for heterosexuals.

From the beginning, there was a racist and homophobic tone, which thrived under the cloak of the medical establishment - nothing new. But since the social-political status of gays was, and still is, beneath that of racial minorities, the issue of origin was dropped, leaving the focus of concern on gays. This has only helped to increase homophobia, as it was probably intended to, by giving it a twisted justification.

To understand how the fear of AIDS has been exploited, just look at past events. A known practice was to rob restaurants, clearing out staff and customers by threatening to contaminate the food with AIDS-infected blood. In addition, legal rights for people with AIDS are still negligible. AIDS victims are ostracized, criticized, fired, or publicly humiliated. However, if you're popular enough, others will capitalize from your misfortune in the name of AIDS awareness.

The consequence of this paranoia has been an intense emphasis on traditional sexual values, such as heterosexual monogamy and "safe sex", in other words, the couple and the unbreakable condom. When the couple is intra-generational and romantically in love, this is called "normal." All else is considered perverse. While I'm not saying that there is anything wrong with choosing a "normal" relationship (an individual decision), it's the fact that everything else has been labelled deviant and has been stigmatized. It's important to understand why this stigmatization is connected to the AIDS paranoia: it preserves the nuclear family, an ideal that purports a capitalist system. This labelling has generally gone unquestioned: an indifferent public allowing itself to be spoon-fed bullshit based on "expert" knowledge.

The uncritical acceptance of the media's portrayal of AIDS, a kind of enthusiastically received blindfold, constitutes the "paranoia," while understanding the actual significance of AIDS means an "awareness". This concept can be similarly applied to sexuality.

The public view of sexuality has been a twisted one at best. Again,

people are typed as either "normal" or perverse. But you cannot take something like human sexuality and use it to categorize people into distinct types—as if they'll stay in their discrete category for life. While sexuality does have some kind of fundamental basis, it is superfluous in nature, and is something that can change over time. This means that we cannot view people under specific categories, but only as a mixture of types at best.

Under the neo-conservative backlash, people who aren't stuck under "normal" get labelled with sick connotations. This is especially true for those who aren't just lesbian, gay, or bisexual, confronting sensitive norms linked to volatile

and masochism, so prevalent in our cultural psyche, is truly sick. The problem then, is that the media and the general non-S&M population automatically see S&M in this twisted way. This is especially true under the backlash, since its view on the relation between consent and power is closely tied to the issue of rape, so that S&M is simply seen as sadism which is sexual assault of the worst kind. Sexual assault is defined as anything from sexual harassment to rape.

One of the least known, yet most important, articles on rape was written by Germaine Greer, "Seduction is a four letter word". One of her points, in today's terms, is that a "No means No" approach just isn't

enough because a person (usually a man) could exploit the trust of another person (usually a woman) to gain consent. This is one aspect of what Greer calls the "sexual rip-off", when someone abuses their power in a relationship for their own callous interests. Therefore, rape is possible with consent. It is a serious abuse of power and whether we like it or not, power has a part in any intimate relationship.

Unfortunately in our society, men generally learn to blindly abuse power in order to get what they want out of a relationship, meaning women and children usually get fucked in the end. So more important than just how power is used is how conscious you are of its use and distribution in any relationship.

We forget that in Western society, sexual assault is generally not seen as being in a class of its own, but closer to an act of passion. Hence, the huge confusion between what is rape and what is love. A confusion with serious consequences for men socialized into sadism and masochism for women (the separation of "S" and "M").

One factor in the gross public image of paedophilia (literally,

adult-child love) and ephebophilia (gay adult-adolescent love) is that, childhood has come to symbolize absolute sexual purity, innocence and naivete; an image having no relation to reality. Sex is seen as something "adult" in nature, and therefore, "dirty" no matter how much we sanitize it by making it mechanical (remember sex ed. classes?) or have it injected with airy bullshit romanticism (a tradition for straights).

The truth is, children are just as aware of their sexual feelings as any other sense. Their non-western "backward" societies realize this, and regard the capacity for such feelings in their children as perfectly normal. However, our society still chooses to treat sexuality as something "adult" and thus alien to children, setting the stage for our sexual neuroses from childhood. As a result, we'll go to sexologists who apparently know more about ourselves than we do, spending our money to listen to such crap - believing in the "experts" rather than ourselves. How comforting.

And so, since the new "awareness" on child abuse and rape, paedophiles and ephebophiles are persecuted to an even greater extent, especially gays, to add to the AIDS paranoia. At the same time, most sexual assaults are still disregarded or even ignored, because the majority of them heterosexual, and in conformance with our sexual norms. As Jane Rule would say: "censoring serious discussion of unconventional sexual relationships does nothing to protect those who might be exploited."

To sum up, what most people see as "progress" since the early 80's, has been nothing but a brutal neo-conservative backlash - fascism as plain as can be - where conformance is the rule. If the rule is broken, one faces stigmatization as an immoral deviant (a child molester or a kind of leper, in association with the image of AIDS as a plague). Love comes to be defined as heterosexual monogamous, while rape is defined as S&M, ephebophilia, etc. All part of the popular right-wrong dichotomy approach, typical of our society's Victorian reasoning.

To quote Germaine Greer: "You may think, dear reader, that I have overstated my case. The attack upon my own culture is, indeed, extreme, but the weight of custom is heavy as life and its bite is thick."



issues.

For instance, sado-masochism and the subject of consent and power is also at issue. To quote de Sade, "your body is your own, yours alone; in all the world there is but yourself who has the right to enjoy it as you see fit." Sensual pleasure is an individual right and should be a personal choice. In S&M, ideally this means that the person in the sadist role and the person in the masochist role are exercising their own right to pleasure, and have consented to do so. In either role, neither person is simply a sadist or a masochist because there is an inter-play between these two roles in each person's mind. And since each person cooperates in their role, either individual can choose to continue or stop. It cannot continue without consent. Therefore, power is balanced by consent.

However, the way S&M is portrayed by the media is with images of a dominant, drooling sadist eagerly whipping the daylights out of a helpless chained masochist. Although this situation is possible, it isn't real S&M but a separation of the "S" and the "M". When there is no inter-play between the role of sadist and masochist in either person's mind, there is no mutual pleasure, balance of power, or mutual consent. This separation of sadism



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Send Help Please

by Mole

When the TTC strike was still in full swing my roommate enjoyed yelling and madly gesticulating at our black & white TV during the media coverage on CityPulse. Spitfire would emerge from the corners of his lips, his face would turn an odd shade of burgundy. He would spill glass after glass of Bushnills as he leapt, flailing, from his chair at the union representatives on the screen.

"No more fucking discussion!" he would suddenly screech, "Get in there and clobber the fuckers with billy clubs!"

This was only the beginning, however. After a while, he developed an odd fetish for scotch and violent classical music. "I want music that sounds like tanks rolling over eastern Europe," he declared recently, and he immediately purchased Wagner's

Götterdämmerung. Up until this point, he was satisfied with the soundtrack for The Empire Strikes Back.

One sunny day while watching Count Duckula, my roommate declared, "Godammit, I want a fucking pipe!" Without further discussion, we walked purposefully to Winston & Holmes in Yorkville where he purchased a \$65 pipe and all accessories, including pipe cleaners, a special pipe lighter and a large pouch of Crown Achievement tobacco. He charged the hundred-dollar bill to his Amex card.

After this display of monetary decadence, we capped the evening off with two Big Bonanza steaks at Lindy's.

Later on that week, while smoking his pipe and reading Clausewitz's treatise On War, my roommate asked me if I had any recommendations for violent classical music.

"For the sound of jackboots marching on Leningrad, I personally recommend Shostakovich's symphony number eleven, 1905. It is a fine piece of music, reflecting said composer's belief that he was receiving musical transmissions from the cosmos through the shrapnel embedded in his skull during World War One."

We immediately bought 1905 at Sam's. It has been his favourite ever since. I often return from classes in the early evening to see my roommate staring out of our seventeenth-floor window, listening to Shostakovich at an unbearable volume, smoking his pipe and sipping at his Chivas Regal. It is a terrifying sight.

Lately I have been increasing and improving my magazine rack. I find this to be a noble venture. I now have a considerable volume of Soldier of Fortune, Playboy and 30 Days in the Church and the World magazines. I have also become fascinated with Maximum Rock n' Roll and its sexually perverted columnist, Mykel Board.

In the morning I wear my puke-yellow Schlitz beach hat that I

bought in Hampton Beach and flip through my magazines instead of reading feminist theory. After a good hour of this, I shower and leave the apartment to fuel my other vice.

I have developed several destructive habits, consisting of Glenlivet, Marlboros and CD purchases over \$100 at Record Poddler and Sunrise. However, the greatest, most destructive habit which gets in the way of my schoolwork and social life is Taco Bell.

Taco Bell has provided a Taco Supreme, Combo Burrito, Nacho Supreme and small Pepsi (with free refills) addiction that is not only unbreakable, but also more gratifying than nicotine or caffeine. Their food also produces the most satisfying bowel movements imaginable. How long has it been!

During a party last term, my good friend Dave said to me (after a Combo Burrito and Chicken Soft Taco to go), "Mole, why don't you have a sex god?"

"Well, I never thought of it really," I replied, shoveling the last of the pre-digested mess on my purple paper Taco Bell plate into my mouth.

On that happy note, Dave removed two small potatoes from my fridge, broke open one of my condoms and inserted the potatoes into it.

"These are the testicles," said Dave as he attached them to the wall. "We now need a phallus. Do you have a candle?"

I produced a candle. Dave placed it above the testicles. He then made a face out of two unused coffee filters (eyes), the butt of a Cuban cigar (nose) and an empty container of hair styling gel (mouth).

"We are ready to worship," said Dave. "Light the phallus. But first, burn your hand."

I did, and so did he. We lit the candle.

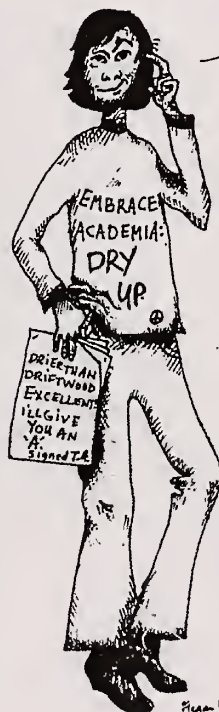
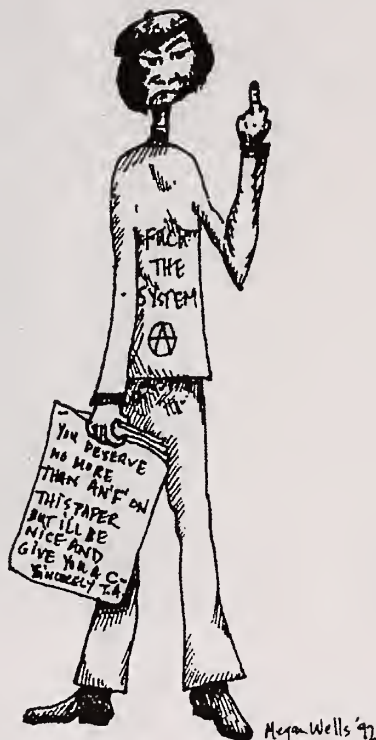
"What is this false idol's name?" I asked.

"Ahulalahulala," said Dave. At that, we began to prance around chanting the name of our great Fertility God. In the name of Ahulalahulala, Most Gracious, Most Merciful! Bestow your most Holy blessings upon us unworthy mortals! Ahulalahulala!

Ahulalahulala! Blessed be his name! The Cherisher and Sustainer of the Worlds! Thee do we worship!

My roommate did not find this behaviour odd. He simply smoked his pipe and ignored it, sipping happily on his Chivas Regal and wallowing in his Stalinist fantasies. The first movement of Carl Orff's Carmina Burana was feverishly climaxing and the sweet smell of pipe tobacco hung heavily in the room.

If neither my roommate or get laid soon, things will really start getting weird. God help us. Inch Allah.



'A'.
'A' for...
for uh...
'A' for uh...
Awesome!
Yah
'A' for Awesome!

Awright.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Mike Tyson's Punch-Out

by John Slonim

Mike Tyson stands before the Law accused of raping an eighteen year old girl. He is facing the possibility of a conviction that could possibly send him to jail for sixty-three years. The grave seriousness of this situation has been distorted by the media into a horrific circus. A frenzy has built around the trial, as the press diligently tries to 'make' news. Actual seats to sit in on the proceedings have been scalped for up to a hundred dollars each. As different causes swarm to the defence of the respective parties, truth becomes a cumbersome inconvenience. This is the world of

The Gulf 'War' exploded CNN into a ratings cash cow, and overnight CNN became an institution. A stream of events has passed by, like different episodes of a new show about reporters (ie: ENG). The Soviet Coup...The Clarence Thomas hearings...Willy Kennedy trial...and coming up Mike Tyson goes up against his toughest match yet - watch as he tries to beat the rap, only on CNN.

In the wake of the success of CNN, the television news 'magazine' has emerged. *Hard Copy*. *A Current Affair*...and of course, *Now It Can Be Told*. These



'the big story', the television front page headline.

The furious excitement created by Tyson's trial is just another event in the conversion of news into entertainment. In the golden age of news reels, the media was a thinly disguised propaganda unit. With society's growing mistrust of the government, the pursuit of truth became a symbol for freedom. Reporters were modern day knights fighting against deception to expose the corrupt. Appropriately, the biggest story of the newspaper age was the uncovering of a presidential conspiracy. Currently, the power of the television as news source has come into its own. Oliver North, proved to be the first real superstar of this medium. His electrifying presence was a bona fide ratings winner. A whole new concept in programming was invented: people sitting and watching real life as if it were fiction.

shows combine news with everyone's favourite topics: sex and violence.

Collectively they are representative of our society. As much as the tight, manipulative news reels of the thirties and forties were representative of a society which was rigid and faithful, tabloid T.V. is the result of a country that is disillusioned. A country of people who have been desensitized by a continuous onslaught of death, disease and disappointment.

Mike Tyson stands before the court accused of raping an eighteen year old woman. His guilt or innocence has lost its meaning in a world that is numb. As thousands of missiles were fired on Iraq, we sat and watched as if it were some colossal video game. All of the people on TV are just make-believe actors putting on a show. If no Iraqis were really dying, then Tyson can't really go to jail for twenty years, can he?



CONVERTING TO TTC-ISM

by Sean (Knight Rider) Fisher

The

ENVIRONMENT



During the summer I was converted into a permanent TTC patron. I have started riding the TTC even when I'm not going anywhere. Even if it makes more sense to drive, I would rather fork over my \$2.00 (or whatever the hell it is now) so I can be taken to the corner store. And this is coming from someone who, during puberty, thought that the automobile was the ultimate symbol of manhood. When my parents handed over the keys to the yellow Volkswagen Rabbit I was transformed from a boy into a macho man. But now I see the error of my ways.

My leap of faith took place one dark night on the Highway of Death (the 401). I was driving home from Mississauga to Toronto, which is an unpleasant horror at the best of times. I had done this drive all summer and the fear I had originally experienced had been replaced by a jaded arrogance. My philosophy had become this: Don't let anyone push you around on the 401! They push you around and their gonna get something back!

A stupid philosophy. Racing by Yorkdale Mall in the fast lane I saw the signs for the turn-off to Avenue Road. I put on my flicker to get into a slower lane. The highbeams of a car about two-hundred feet behind me were suddenly — in a period of seconds — right on my tail. I changed lanes, and as the red Trans-Am passed me I gave the guy in the passenger seat, and his friend, what I thought they deserved...my middle finger. It's not a violent symbol really, just a polite profanity, and I expected something back equally polite. That's what usually happened at least.

Their first method of attack was to throw rocks at my car. Not an unusual reaction, I guessed nervously. 'I gave the guy the finger, therefore he is a little bit angry', I thought.

Logical. Makes sense! No reason to panic yet!!

Despite the fact that both cars were going about 140km the guy in

the passenger seat climbed halfway out of his window and tried to punch my car. I realized then that maybe these were not rational people. Next they tried to run me off the road, and when that failed they tried to make me stop my car by slowing down rapidly in front of me. That failed as well and soon we were both checkerboarding in and out of high intensity traffic at 150 km. For a brief moment I even began to enjoy myself, thinking, I suppose, that I was in a Burt Reynolds movie.



Suddenly I had a vision of L.A. highway shootings and the Burt Reynolds movie ended. This chase was not a joke. These guys wanted my blood on the pavement. So I tried to fool them into thinking I was going to exit. I drove onto the exit ramp and at the last possible second I pulled back onto the 401. I thought I had just performed a move of Ian Fleming proportions. But they could not be fooled; they were on my tail the whole time. No matter what I did, they were always two steps

ahead of me. I did the same thing at the next exit, and as I pulled back into traffic I was nearly obliterated by a transport truck. I needed a plan, and I needed one fast, before I was dead!

So I tried to think of the location of the nearest police station. I would lead these guys into a trap! 'Very ingenious!', I thought proudly. So I regained my composure, drove ahead calmly now that I had a plan, and I read the license plate number in my rear-view mirror.

The only police station I could think of was the Yonge and Eglinton police station. I exited onto Bayview near Sheppard. I was miles away from Yonge and Eglinton and I prayed I wouldn't hit too many red lights. By some miracle, if you can believe this, I had green lights all the way there; except, of course, for the last light at Yonge and Eglinton, one block away from the police station. All I could see was a red light in front of me and a police station just beyond it, and in my rearview mirror a huge, violent looking man with his fists clenched getting out of a red Trans-Am.

Suddenly it occurred to me that my doors were unlocked. In a panic I locked them. Two seconds later I saw a fist come pounding down onto my flimsy Nissan Micra window. He did this four times. I looked him directly in the eyes because I had read somewhere that this frightens dogs.

"WHY'D YOU GIVE ME THE FINGER YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE - I KILL YOU YOU FUCKIN' FUCKER!!". Then he pounded my window a few times again, except harder. I wondered how strong the windows were on my friendly little Japanese car.

The light was still red and was, apparently, in no hurry to change.

"COME OUT SO I CAN FIGHT YOU MAN!"

"Okay!" I said, thinking at the same time 'why has this word come out of my mouth?'. "Meet me up ahead about one block!" I said, with the cool grace of a Bogart...or a Travolta.

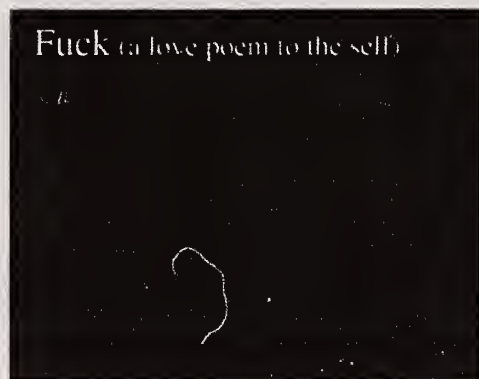
This confused him. He stared at me blankly. "WHY?!!!" He cried.

At that moment I saw the lights change green. My foot hit the floor and I swung into the police station parking lot. I waited and waited in a nervous frenzy, but they never arrived. My whole body shook on the way home and somehow every car that was driving behind me began looking like a red Trans-Am. Nevertheless, I made it home.

Slowly and systematically, every romanticism I have ever had about driving has been destroyed. I had already figured out before that night that driving was expensive, since I kept getting \$40 parking tickets for dropping off movies at video stores. I had also figured out that there is absolutely nowhere to park in this city, and that cars are bad for the environment, and blah, blah, blah. But up until that night I had not lost faith in the idea that driving was fun. It was fun, so I thought, because it meant freedom. Also, I stupidly believed that I was, at least relatively, safe. I thought that all other drivers were at, or around, the same sanity level that I was at. But now I know that if you see someone driving like a maniac on the 401, it probably means they are a maniac off of the 401 as well. Just let them go by and get yourself home safely.

Driving has ceased to make any amount of sense to me. Entering the flames of hell that night I discovered that heaven is a little balding man with an ugly brown polyester suit, with a whistle in his mouth, sticking his head out of a subway window. I have learned that, from almost every angle, my life is just more simple and safe on the TTC. Granted, they shouldn't raise the fares so much, and they shouldn't go on strike for idiotic reasons. And yes, it doesn't take you everywhere, and the subway closes too early. But in a contest between a highway of doom and the transit system, the TTC wins hands down.

Hallelujah! I have seen the Light!



“What Rough Beast...”

by Blitz

living a night of poetry and guitar, where we
sing and play as dancers whirl
laugh
kiss and
gentlehands touch
in the darkness of the front room

work done for now- we left it behind and are
all there, all here
three chord magic songs of god, Love, openheart
kindness and GO! and acid
dreams and life AND
spirit and body regard each other - twins joined at
birth, lovers, incest-dreamers-
smiled both, bowed both
and commenced a joyous maya
waltz in infinite time

to grimly marching monks our caravan may seem
to shamble;

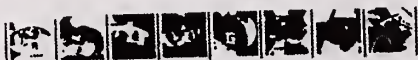
to those who worship the perfection of death we may seem rough, unfinished:

to those
who have replaced cock and cunt with television
screens and who - chauffeured by Despair -
never leave their smoke-belching vehicles to
touch barefoot to ground we may indeed
seem bestial.

but we come with destruction for all prophecies

innis college
semi-formal
march 7/92

\$20 innis students
\$30 others



UPCOMING SOCIAL EVENTS

VALENTINE'S

VALENTINE 1985 - Valentine's Day, 1985
Have you ever wanted to find out if St. Valentine's are really like? Come out to The House of the Way to Freedom Hall from St. Joe's St. and on Church Street you, and a night of meeting other 1 of the others. All for only \$5.

YUK YUK'S COMEDY NIGHT

YUK YUK'S COMEDY NIGHT Monday
February 23, 1992
For all those who would like to bring their night a very
wild, some kinda funny, a wild no stress, it's located on the
HCSS door. Performers will be awarded a prize around 6
pm.

INDEX FORMAL

INNIS FM JAL **January 1992**
This year's "As Personal As Possible" contest will be held at the Innisameron Inn, 10000 Innis Road, Innis, Ontario, Canada M9W 1A1. For more information, call (416) 291-1111 or write to the Innisameron Inn, 10000 Innis Road, Innis, Ontario, Canada M9W 1A1.



